

# VINNIE PAZ



# Fuck Ya Life (C-Lance Remix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off  
Lift the boat off, Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff  
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft  
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off  
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor  
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger  
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different  
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction  
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian  
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position  
Anybody who ain't family is opposition  
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen  
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley  
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi  
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie  
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat it, this ain't a Christmas party

[Chorus]

Try to stop minds from growing  
I'll make your blood stop flowing  
Fuck your life

# Flat Line by Vinnie Paz

Ayo Paz, yo Blac

I rep Official Pistol Gang all motherfucking day

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Clap at you fast, no safety on the ratchet

Gats play chess like crazy with the gabbit

Bus ride motherfucker staying on the transit

Drugs like babies, real gracefully I handle it

I don't think lames could understand it

Boxcutter Pazy from the faces that I damage

I put your fuckin' brains in the Atlantic

To fuse y'all fuckers with your cainery and panic

You talk about hammers, and I'll talk 'bout mine

When I'm fucking with the scramblers, I'm on cloud nine

Yeah, you disrespectful then it stomp out time

Batty Boy covered in a fuckin' chalk out line

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout grime

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout shine

And the big black heavy metal four-five mine

I'm a G, cocksucker, never cross that line

[Hook]

Rap game gone, flat line

It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em

Flat, frame, fall, flat line

We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em

[Verse 2: Zilla]

Check it

Yo call me Zilla, I'm a monster with clap and kicks

The reason alone, you n\*\*\*\*as pushing albums back

You got a squad, but I doubt you crack

Every release that you ever drop could be bundled in the value pack

Political rap, my man's caught a bullet in Nam

Sitting twisted in the buggie with a seed in his arm

What's the motive when the reason is harm

We in the ghetto everyday fighting demons with a badge and baton

I got six million ways to pop, hustle to get it

When the odds stack higher than knots, struggle to live it  
You ain't never felt the burn from lead  
So I'm never catching the L, I just focus how to earn my bread  
You down with OPG, I'm down with Paz and Blac  
You down with dope emcees, my title proves that fact  
Ain't a city that could pull my slack  
The red beam is an invitation to hell, once I pull that back

[Hook and Sample]

"In America, ah people are uh, treated very much and uh, the police are there to contain us, to brutalize and murder us."

[Verse 3: Blacastan]

And now's over with the livest rhyme killers  
Knowledge unfolding, is the rise from the sacred five pillars  
Conquest the conquer, pillage your village  
Respect god, play hard, even in a live scrimmage  
Face squads that call, we tarnish their image  
Viking style, celebrate with barrels of Guinness  
And shoot outs, we replenish when the clicks is finished  
Getting head on the couch, watching Venus play tennis  
I hold a mic like Jeter hold pennants  
It's tragic like Troy Davis in his ??  
From the ending to beginning, figure eight stay spinning  
I'm infinite, you can't bust off, n\*\*\*a you impenitent  
Sound waves travel underwater like sonar  
I'm stealth, I can't be detected by radar  
Probably in a fly car, with the seats reclined  
It's Vinnie, Zilla and Blac n\*\*\*a, flat line

# Death By Guillotine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Death By Guillotine

No, not too much is new

I'm so fucking high

I'mma spit a bomb verse

D-Motherfucking-Moz n\*\*\*a

Cyssero, Vin, Some real shit right here baby

Problem

[Verse 1: Demoz]

Look, ever feel suicidal to the point that you tried it

And when they asked you about it, you don't know how to deny it

Doc all in your face, asking what is the motive

You got split personalities and it's hard to control 'em

Taking xans and percs, drinking liquor and beer

Feeling sick to your stomach, trying to shift through the gears

On a slippery rope, plus your vision is blurry

Worst case scenario, they'll miss you after you're buried

Wife fucking your man, brother, stuff in the jam

Thought and starred at your pictures, like where the fuck is my dad

I'm a problem atomic, trying to rhyme with these chickens

Shit 'em out in the morning and take a piss on the omelet

Made an honesty promise, I ain't gotta be modest

I ain't got to be parted, this whole economy's garbage

I'm a comet in space, I ain't part of this land

I'm a fuckin' two-face, why would you call me your man

[Hook]

Tongue twisted like Pun digging my tongue tissue

It's one missile, we blow you to little lunch issues

We fuck with you, we came with you but left dolo

We stuck with you on one issue, we reign solo

We through a bomb in the parade at these gay homos

We manic (???), how the fuck are they gonna break kodos?

Freddy roaching a corner, cause we ain't saying nothing

And we just sitting there twitching like we sniffing our caine, bugging

[Verse 2: Cyssero]

Creep quiet, but that chopper loud (you know how we do)  
Look, the way I perform with that K that'd rock a crowd  
Mask and glove when I squeeze them slugs  
Make a bloodbath, we gonna need a tub  
Shit, we riding dawg  
When we catch his ass let that Super-Soaker wet his ass  
Dry him off, military tactics  
Moving silent dawg  
Paint the neighborhood red when that iron drawn  
Yeah, DaVinci of the gun-slinging, shots make a bastard leak  
Make a masterpiece, get your casket dropped  
That's the art of war, bang at the targets  
(???) war, then burn the bodies, what you need a coffin for  
If you ain't built for all that, what you talking for (be quiet)  
Yeah, tell your homeboy calm his mad  
Unless he want a fuckin' problem on his hands (for real)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, Pazienza put the torch to him  
Young rap version of Dr. Kevorkian  
This pussy done, put a fork in him  
Or I'mma have to let the .44 bark at him  
He better pray he got a squad with him  
Like the proletarian revolution of Marxism  
Put your body in the star system  
Reveal itself as bleeding light, Allah wisdom  
Bullets fast when they travelling  
The silencer is strong and it's long like a javelin  
Now he dead put a bag in him  
Green from the dope fine lean, and the scag in him  
I hold the ratchet unorthodox  
Pernell Whitaker, ducking all sorts of shots  
Various types of torture plots  
And I'mma ride till I die and the coffin drops

# Lyrics.lol :: Bodysnatchers by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

HAHAHAHAHA!

Official Pistol Gang!

Vinnie Paz, Louie Doggs

Odrama Vin Laden

Demoz

Grim Reaperz

Bodybag Music Crew

DJ Eclipse, what up, baby?

La Coka, Bill, Slaine, Danny Boy

Yo, Everlast, what up, cuzzo?

Listen...

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

A rebel that yell, take you through the levels of Hell

Take your commissary pussy like it settled in jail

I'm a heavyweight, Vinnie don't need to get on a scale

A man of God, but usually the Devil prevails

I don't work, all y'all motherfuckers work for me

I love death, you motherfuckers get murked for free

I don't follow trends, I just do what work for me

I don't live on Earth, the motherfucking Earth in me

Louie Doggs don't relate to y'all cause I'm a godly creature

I chop a motherfucking brick like a karate teacher

I wouldn't call what you doing sick, you just got a fever

I have my mother's heart and I have my father's features

Yeah, you know I got the hammer in the jeans

And more white shit than in the Canada latrines (BLRATT!)

I go bananas for the cream

I don't have a moral fiber, Vinnie take your Nana for her cream, yeah

HAHAHA! BLRATT!

Yo, D, where you at, baby?

We want it all, n\*\*\*a

Official Pistol Gang!

Official Pistol [?], n\*\*\*a

We mobbin' on you motherfuckers!

Hottest mothafuckin' mixtape, hands down

Yo, D! Wassup, n\*\*\*\*a?

Take these mothafuckas to war, cousin!

I gotchu, n\*\*\*\*a

Yeah!

[Verse 2: Demoz]

N\*\*\*\*as rapping but they comical, it's logical

They overrated hating so I cut them like a dominoes

Box of pizza fuck the perpetrating hospital

When nurses race in, running n\*\*\*\*as over in a hearse with Satan

Squash a n\*\*\*\*a and his baby chorus

His more collaboration with commercial rap and if you pay me for it

So fuck the BS I'm the hardest, I'll walk in Philly with a philly

Selling n\*\*\*\*as CDs yelling garbage

Pardon me, that's just my sense of humour

Look I'm intense, I'm making sense

You n\*\*\*\*as sense try and spread your rumours

Basically I'm trying to make it happen

Scheming I can make it rapping

Stay away from n\*\*\*\*as who relate to acting

It's nothing personal, I take your money

Spend it on your bitch, call you a bitch

And tell you pussy try and take it from me

It's funny how a motherfucking bitch change

Bitch get changed, it's nothing if she sniff 'caine

And turn crazy, sell her own soul, her own baby

All over this gravy, it's all over it's shady

How the world turns and it's all over this money

It's funny, next thing you know you all over your money

With your face out, brains bleeding, your dame leaving with the next man

Plan A to the bling scheming on your life savings

Like praying they might saving em from his life wasting

All over his wife patience, I don't like hatred

But if you can do it to me I'mma do it to you

Give a fuck if you beautiful what your booty can do

Your pussy's tight, titties big, bitch whoopty-dee-doo

I got a bundle on your head to kill you and your crew

Got so much they don't like you

Mind you bullets fly through your head, they gonna find you

Blind you with red beams, bury you cockroaches

Chicks can get it too so baby do not approach us

I'm a sick being, stick me in a rap cipher

I'm a light lighter hairspray em and burn biters

[Outro: Vinnie Paz]

Yo, D! Yo, you just caught a body on these muhfuckers, cuzzo

Yo, word to Allah, this the bodysnatchers

This the return of the bodysnatchers!

Official Pistol Gang, baby

Jay Rock, all my muhfuckas!

Yo, Jus Allah, Outerspace

Reef The Lost Cauze, [?]

O.G. Filthy Rich

We punchin' muhfuckas in the face for breathin', baby

Bodysnatchin'

Catchin' bodies! HAHAAHAHA!

# Golden Casket by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby. Yo Syze what up cuzzo? (What up my brotha?)

Yo Bill, what up lord? (Ah we're about to get down.)

It's an honor to be on the song with my brothers, you know I'm sayin'? (Don't ever change my dude.)

On a physical and spiritual, it's a lovely thing to be makin' this music shit together man. That's word to Allah man, you know I mean praise the Ah

[Verse 1 - King Syze:]

We them motherfucking bombers explosive fire a federal building

Vietnam general killing with memorable spitting

Insane ripper who's hyper than caine sniffers

The Heavy Metal Kings with Syze, we the main figures

Lyricals you don't want a physical confrontation

Speak in moderation man we the army we the fucking nation

Don't disrespect the man that dis AIDS

I'll be locked in the cage man before I show I'm bitch-made

You's a switchblade n\*\*\*a I'm a fucking cannon

The .22, I'm a .347 Magnum

You's a handgun, homie we at ? squad

Dudes better thank God, man we hitting tracks hard

Any given time I'mma ask what y'all want now

Hydraulic when I'm rapping I'm fracking the underground

In the surgical mood making vertical moves

While y'all lateral pass man we laughing at fools

[Chorus - King Syze:]

Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit

Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip

Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit

Disrespect us and you'll leave with your dome split

Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit

Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip

Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit

Disrespect us and you'll leave with your dome split

[Verse 2 - Ill Bill:]

I'll spill the devil's blood, drink and kill devil rum

Black flag, metal gun, have you praying to God like Reverend Run

You'd better run for the hills like Uncle Howie running for krillz

A hundred a pill, gun in your grill  
Peep the Jolly Roger, smoking like a Bob Marley concert  
Run your mouth you get Molly ?  
We got shipwrecked at Kitty Hawk  
Kidnapped the man's daughter  
He don't pay the ransom cut that bitch's titties off  
A true gentleman, braveheart veteran with metal skin  
Settle things, travel with the devil's wings  
We about to throw people overboard, the overlord  
What's the code of law? We don't give a fuck, we rewrote em all  
The new mutants from a long line of goon shooters  
New computers, new holochips and new Rugers  
Violent creeps, piracy on the highest seas  
Dying in the streets lying live beneath where my tires be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz]

I'm a G motherfucker, I'll bury you in the cryptic tomb  
Guns big, the bullets I call em clips of doom  
I was born on the precipice of a shifting moon  
I was born to the death of it from a twisted goon  
I wouldn't say I'm obsessed with it but a bit consumed  
I just aim the AK at it lick my wounds  
The boxcutter, a hollow tip it'll rip in twos  
But that's a horse of a different color, a different rules  
My hands fast, it's uppercuts and it's body blows  
I ain't trying to catch a fucking case lord vamonos  
You don't wanna see the power that the Lama holds  
Put you in the motherfucking box like you Domino's  
School of hard knocks Vinnie on the honor roll  
My work's bloody, it's similar to piranha flow  
The game's dirty, I studied it then I locked it though  
My raps break motherfuckers call ? flow

[Chorus]

# Dark of the Night by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Dark of the Night

[Hook]

I'm not Jesus Christ or Mohammed but I can read and write  
Between the lines I see a message, is it wrong or right?  
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night  
I use my mic to inspire, I hope you see the light  
I'm not the prophet Abraham or Mahatma Gandhi  
I'm just a man with many questions, sometimes they haunt me  
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night  
I use my mic to influence, I hope you see the light  
In the dark of the night

[Verse 1: Freddy Madball]

In the name of the Father and Son, the Holy Spirit and this gun  
That I protect my fam with in case my prayers don't protect us son  
Is there a chosen one? Chosen few? Maybe none  
Maybe when you're dead it's done  
No sun, no moon, no light, no outcome  
I love the thought of being reunited with my fam  
Sounds like a scam sometimes though so here I stand  
Crossing hands, a man trying to understand  
Whose book of plans should I follow if they're written by hands  
Just like my own, human to the bone  
We are all flawed and scarred, nobody wants to die alone  
I sit upon a throne, fearless in my home  
My hood, the city and world that I roam, what about the unknown?  
I'm not a clone to follow a nicely written poem  
Scriptures structured to make you comb through your thoughts, your dome  
I can't lead you home but I will ask the questions  
I'm not an atheist, this is just a true confession

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

In the dark of the night I wonder why I was placed here  
My family told me put my faith in God and face fear  
For some reason I ain't wanna put my faith there  
And going to church I saw nothing but hate there

I ain't understand how everyone else could be wrong  
And I ain't wanna be like everyone else and conform  
Yeah so I had a discussion with moms  
And that's around the same time I discovered Islam  
The first time that I had peace in my life  
The first time I had a reason and a beacon of light  
And if another human being think that Jesus the light  
I don't argue, I just hope that they have peace in their life  
There's a war going on outside no man is safe from  
Every religion have a god but it's the same one  
Religion's just a tool to divide us and they won  
I feel that God been standing beside me since day one

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Freddy Madball]

Am I faithful at heart and smart enough to find the right path?  
Endure the wrath of a stormy past or will I be cast?  
To a hell that no one can foretell if it exists  
Or do we dwell in the midst of, if so I like Hell  
I like Heaven too, it makes me feel so vital  
The thought of living in peace and love, something so primal  
Forget the titles, everyone has their rivals  
But I think that it's bigger than all of us like this recital  
Spiritually agnostic, curious and caustic  
My thoughts sick regardless of what we think, have I lost it?  
No I tossed it to the side, the simpleminded lies  
Saint Mary mother of God, I still look in your eyes  
Despite all I despised I realised that  
I must take what I've learned and make it all mine  
Until I die or fly with the other souls  
Foolish pride won't stop me from asking why  
Show me a sign

# Road Warrior by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza

Yo Lib, what up baby?

Slaine, my brother from another

Philly to the Bean all day

Official Pistol Gang

Ill Rock

[Verse 1: Adlib]

Road Warrior, murdering miles

Guzzle bottles, splash puddles on models

Got the club shit that you catch on the dial

This that drug shit that get kept in the vials

Wild style, staying in a box-car

Fame in the street, entourage of rock stars

Pop lock up cars, switch up daily

Dive bar, shitty store, sniffers pay we

Outlaws, alcohol fuel our cravings

Blow cigars, get scarred, fuck safety

Risk takers, paper chasers

Box your motherfucking face with razors

Ruthless assholes, my crew's so rotten

Sloppy strippers on the pole for oxy

Not from the Carter that they cop from poppy

Nazi cops want a red dot and pop me

I'm hunting zombies, with Pun on repeat

Knee deep in shits creek, no tongue and cheek

When I speak it reeks from the curb

Listen, start itching to rob

If not, then the slob ain't doing his job

So dance with the devil before you go meet your god

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I don't gotta say no names

Cause a bitch is a bitch, I don't play those games

Official Pistol Gang, we hold thangs

And I'll bloody up your shirt like tomato stains

See I done been to hell and back

I done talked about murdering the president, my cell was tapped

I smell a rat, should've went to jail for that  
These motherfuckers mailed the pipe-bomb, I mailed it back  
I see all of y'all rappers as tight gay  
City sought the giddy where the diesel is light grey  
I don't give a fuck what you might say  
Buck 50 side of the neck where the knife lay (that's where the knife go)  
My horror been shining for years  
I done outlasted ever single one of my peers (I'm still out here shining)  
But for me that's just a common affair  
Peace to Adlib, now I'm out for some beers, yeah

[Verse 3: Slaine]

Stab your nose, drunk with a six figure salary  
Pop (???) who want to challenge me  
I'm a superstar, you don't live in my galaxy  
King with the crown, you ain't down with the palace, see  
I run this town, laying in the shadows  
Everybody know the name Slaine, Mr. Carol  
Double-barrel shotgun, watch fools traveling  
Sawing you in half, collapsing your abdomen  
My dues been paid, the rules been layed down and broken  
C'mon stupid, don't provoke him  
You cats smoke crack rocks like '86  
And you snitch ass dope fiends boosting with the shady bitch  
I ain't falling with the traps and tricks  
Pull the wool over your eyes when I clap the click  
Ain't no fun over here, I'm on some backwards shit  
Black crook, black hoodies, and the blackest kicks  
Like this!!

# Big Boyz by Vinnie Paz

"??, I'm lookin' for the next sensation. An unsigned artist, that's the one I'm lookin' for."

Yeah, it's New York right here. Shout out my n\*\*\*a Mike Raw

Yo, Do you want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, y'all n\*\*\*as can ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, yo people ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, y'all n\*\*\*as can ask for next year

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Can't nobody fuck with you

I'm an animal, I should be kept inside a fucking zoo

You a bitch, your bitch told me she was stuck witchu

Fuck around with me will get you beat like a production crew

I'm Vinnie Paz, cousin who the fuck is you?

Gun brawl, hand to hand, cousin I will muscle you

I used to ride pussy boy for a buck or two

Now I hit you with the lama, body-bag, duffle you

Yeah I do the type of shit that a thug'll do

You the type to be in magazines with men hugging you

That's the type of shit that have me snuffing you

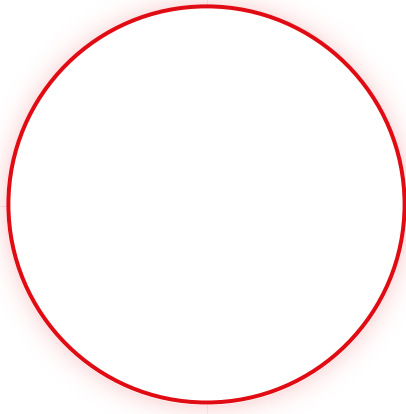
Pull the ratchet out and put a slug inside your bubble goose

I find your kind of rhyme to be insufferable

Put your body in a place where nobody discover you

Bring your whole team, all them faggots sucka too

Peace to Afu brother I'd spill their blood for you



**Vinnie Paz**

Bushmaster Music

[Intro]

"The fuck you say now!? Huh!?"

Hey! Huh!?"

Bam! bam! bam!

Mothafucka I'm strapped!

You don't fuckin' talk now, huh!?"

[Vinnie Paz]

I got the AR-15, let me hit his head

Heard us running up inside the crib and then he shit his be

I ain't trying to hear nothing cousin give me bread

The only thing inside the duffel bag shrunken heads

That's how motherfucking grimy we are

You don't wanna see how motherfucking violent we are

(Yeah!) Or where the motherfucking silencers are

What the Asiatic motherfucking sciences are

I know you saying that this motherfucker curse a lot

I'm just trying to balance out the fact you rock a purse a lot

I heard you suck dick and walk around in skirts a lot

Listen to Kanye West, recite his verse a lot

Pazienza I don't rock with that soft shit

We juice crew Hilltop hardcore shit

We got the ??? uncut raw shit

To put his motherfucking body in the morgue shit, yeah

# Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts

Part 1

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pavarotti with a shotty  
Move the Charlie while I'm still part of the Literati  
The bricks is like Basmati, we chop 'em like they karate  
My shorty draped in a saree like Saraswati  
To make a long story short, I caught a body  
This carajito couldn't embody what I embody  
He rubs shoulders with Stalin like Togliatti  
Burning pot was yellow and it look like Vanaspati  
The Black Hills ammunition hotter than wasabi  
I call Black Bannerz and I fly to Abu Dhabi  
Scoop me at the ADI in the Maserati  
Staring at a lithograph of Raja Ravi  
In a courtroom cocky like I'm Gotti  
It's over half a million bodies in Makati  
I puff on Afghan like Shah Durrani  
The bullets in the armory look like a hot tamale

[Verse 2: CRIMEAPPLE]

I'm riding in a bucket with the roman candles  
Looking for your favorite rapper, rocking open sandals  
Roll the window down, I'm throwing pólvora  
Now your mami stressed, screaming out "Ojalá"  
Squeezing in your mouth, no Orajel, send you all to hell  
Shit still on a scale 'cause my mixtape doin' sorta well  
I can still win a Cy Young the moment the pie come  
Try some, you'll be Harlem shaking till your mind numb  
Verses crack ounces of piff, I got all kind of dope  
If I get low, fiends licking the baggy like an envelope  
Labels ain't cutting a check, so I cop sarin gas  
Garfield Thanksgiving Day Parade's how I'm airing cats  
Wear a mask in October and every other holiday

Stock your face if I heard that he chopping base and got the papes  
Run upon you, I already told you my blood is Goya  
This spic take enough work to terrify a Trump supporter  
Whoa!  
Part 2

[Verse 3: Tha God Fahim]

I stack money hand over head  
Ask about the God, I'm the man in the bread  
I'm hotter then Louisiana Hot Sauce  
Take you hostage, ain't no bridges where you getting dropped off  
Uh, I'm rocking furs for the winter  
Uh, as I emerge from this printer  
I grab the mic and turn MC's to dinner  
Walk up on you and shred you like Master Splinter  
I'm buying guns like the military  
Armor-piercing rounds put you in the cemetery  
I like the bread but I got more rolls  
Reading godly books just to help me through this cold world  
I walk around with the angel of death  
Make you pay me with money and pay me in respect  
Ain't no funny business, have you smiling by the neck  
Never leave the fort without throwing on the TEC

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Look, dry snitching is a lonely disease  
This is shells of money, homie, macaroni and cheese  
This is luxury, we eatin' Babylonian peas  
Dumb muhfucka, get some Etzioni and read  
Listen homie, is you riding or what?  
He talking to opps, homie, he be trying his luck  
Y'all ain't getting nothing B, I'm not providing Nathan  
I greet my brother peacefully it's "As-salāmu 'alaykum"  
Turn this muhfucka to a horror scene  
The periquito yellow B, it look like it's a quarantine  
I'm all about my motherfucking spinach, chicken Florentine  
Doctrine of divine illumination, Santo Augustine  
The gravedigger gonna teach you how to move the dirt  
And jefe gon' have to teach you how to move the work  
This .40 pregnant, homie, and she dyin' to pop  
Momma told me I should strike while the iron is hot

Battyman!

# Righteous Revenge by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby, what up cuzzo?

Yeah cuzzo, DJ Tricka

Philly in the building out here

We mobbing on you motherfuckers!

Official Pistol Gang and all that

It's how we get down out here

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I don't mean to brag but the knife work nice

And the rhyme's so evil that it might hurt Christ, yeah

Don't fuck around if you like your life

And the pistol always on me like it's white on rice

Once I hit the block cousin, it's all rad

Spray them with the four-five Glock and they all dead

Devil tried sleeping in God bed

Amaryte 666 on the forehead

I make dough, but I don't fuck with the books

As a young boy maybe I would fuck with the chooks

That's how it had to be fuckin' with crooks

I'm a king in a castle so you fuckin' with rooks

Anyone want beef just ask for it

He can catch a universe ?? and get trashed for it

I keep a couple ratchets in the jazz port

And they will put your fuckin' brains on the dashboard

# Santa Sangre by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

My discipline go beyond the way the Army train people  
Calmly spray people  
Devil's horns up like Ronnie James Dio or Tony Iommi  
Cut your fucking arms off, stole me a Rollie  
I Mobb Deep like Tony Maroni  
Cross between the Egyptian god of fire and Tom Araya  
Ten times higher than a soprano in God's choir  
A Heavy Metal King, like eating crack, my gun metal rings  
Settle things like God's prayer and the Devil's wings  
We feast at the Last Supper, you hear the last laugh from us  
Scrape cash abundant, you hear the gats blast from us  
Roll with meaner rhymes, pinning y'all  
Conquer continents like Genghis Khan  
My life is like a Misfits song  
Or like Cypress Hill, Hits from the Bong  
Or like Ice-T, 6 'N the Morn, police at my door  
Shoot the beast in his horns  
Squeezing the four, creep in the six, then breeze to L'Amour  
The Lords of War, for four seasons or more, listen!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is goon music, something for Vinnie's gun to clap  
Y'all ain't makin' no progress, y'all still are running laps  
I think of y'all like Christ, y'all never coming back  
Chainsaws and husky beards without the lumberjacks  
Come on, pana, Vinnie got a clip full  
I'mma let this four-fifth bark like it's a pitbull  
(BRRAP! BRRAP! BRRAP!)

Money, I got a fistful  
And I got an razor and it cut like if you skip school  
I can be on that fight the power, Assata shit  
I can be on that Gucci and on that Prada shit  
I can be on that questioning if a God exists  
I can be on that punch in your face and rob you shit

That's when motherfuckers starving and such

Dry snitching, all y'all motherfuckers crying too much

Yeah, give me a jar and the Dutch

I just caught a body and I'm proud of all this rhyming and such

Yeah!

[Outro]

# When Crows Descend Upon You (C-Lance Mix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]

I'm just evil biologically, listen to y'all that make a mockery  
Anton LaVey is like a god to me  
I am not possibly associated with your democracy  
Gary Heidnik is like a shah to me, go to war logically  
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim's last prophecy  
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I'm an apostrophe  
Vinny Appice is like a star to me  
Paz swears solemnly, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy  
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy  
Nietzsche and philosophy, I am a vampire, I'm proud to be  
I cannot be seen in your photography  
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God's colony  
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me  
My own family won't talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

[Chorus]

I'm having nervous dreams, n\*\*\*a this a murder scene  
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream  
He don't deserve to dream, n\*\*\*a this a murder scene  
Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams  
  
I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang  
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang  
I'm having nervous dreams, n\*\*\*a this a murder scene  
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream